

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Mahone an Infamous Liar.

Ex-Congressman Drexler, a straight-out Virginia republican, replies to Mahone's incoherent and rambling address as follows:

"For two years Mahone has held undisputed sway, backed up by all the power of the Federal Administration, with all the patronage of the State, Federal and local, at his supreme command; with the Federal office holders his devoted slaves; with the navy-yard his workshop to turn out poor, 'plum' tugs and to manufacture voters; with the employees of the Government upon whom to levy assessments in open violation of law, with the State and the local officers from the Governor down, to subject to his orders and contribute to his political treasury, with the State flooded with United States Revenue officials for months, doing nothing but canvass in his interest—with all these things, and a power never before exercised by any one man in this country in his favor, the scepter has passed from his grasp, and he has been overwhelmingly defeated. And why? He would have the country believe that, 'the shot-gun policy' has been inaugurated in Virginia; that the 'Danville riot' so called, was the cause of his defeat; that the white people of Virginia had inaugurated a feast of blood, and that the colored people were the victims of their blood-thirsty hate. No bawling and no electioneering in any State than was held in Virginia on the 6th day of the present month. The colored vote itself is the best refutation of this brazen slander. The 'Danville riot' was the legitimate outgrowth of Mahone's methods and the natural result of the inflammatory speech uttered by him in the hall before his disturbance. It is true that there were colored men killed—and this no one regrets more than myself—but there were in the Danville riot in your own city in 1862, but no one thought of branding the people of the State of New York as inaugurating the 'shot-gun policy' then; but that this single occurrence should be used as a text from which to plant the 'shot-gun policy' had been inaugurated in Virginia, for the purpose of firing the Northern heart, is an unwarranted misrepresentation of facts, and a wicked sort of base slander, and whoever does it regards an enemy of his country. If the republican party can only be kept alive by a revival of the flames of discord between the sections and by appeals to the feelings engendered by the war, if there is not enough of principle left upon which to sustain itself before the people, it had better die while it has a reputation. I repeat, while there was ballot-box stuffing by the Mahoneites in Norfolk county and in other counties, and while tickets were taken from colored men who did not agree with them and torn up, and while there were isolated cases of disorder (and in what State was there not?) the election was, on the whole, most peaceable and orderly, and everybody in the State knows it."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN GIRLS.—"There is a young girl in Milwaukee, thirteen years old, whose legs below the knee," says the *Bayonet Recorder*, are so sensitive they can not be touched between daybreak and midnight, but at midnight they become so insensible to feeling that the strongest current of electricity has no effect upon them."

This may be an undoubted case for Milwaukee, but there are thousands of girls in Philadelphia whose limbs are just as sensitive before midnight as after that solemn hour, when graveyards yawn and tombs give up their dead. Another peculiarity about girls born and reared in this land of sunrise and ocean spray, is they never become insensible to feeling. Even a little mouse running up along a girl's foot-hinder, either by day or night, would excite the liveliest sensations. But electricity! Bah! Our girls don't need any such sensation, day or night, nor yet will they tolerate any such bigoted foolishness. There, now.—[Philadelphia Transcript.]

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how eagerly it kicks! How sour its smells! How like a demon it yells! Yet in a few short years some men will be half-crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frenetically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.

Wheat's milk is now recommended for certain bodily ailments. There is probably but one article that is less easily procured, a hen's tooth, and dealers in the cereals product of the domestic bovine need fear no competition at present.

Fresno County, Cal., is making a canal 100 feet wide from King's River to irrigate 30,000,000 acres of dry and worthless desert.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

Some thief broke into the blacksmith shop of L. Seely last Saturday night. It is not known what he wanted, unless it was to get tools that he might go into a safe.

Peter Moore killed John Hunter at William Harris' grocery store, near Berea, last Sunday. Cause, an old grudge and whisky. Hunter shot Moore dead in the side, flesh wound only, and then Moore got in his work by three shots which killed him outright.

Our express agent here received a notice a few days ago from the company to stop the lookout, as a gang of thieves were blowing open safes and robbing them. The news soon spread and every one that had any of the filthy lucre was at a loss to know what to do with it.

Miss Lillie and Pauline Arnold, of Lancaster, spent a few days with friends here. Our assistant depot agent has been looking as pleased as an old shoe. Miss Allie Taylor, of Richmond, is the guest of Miss Nemena Howe, T. T. Wallace, of Mt. Vernon, is back to his old stamping-ground, visiting friends. We are glad to welcome him back.

Christmas has commenced with the young folks here. The first hop of the season was given by Mr. Jesse Krayton last Friday night. Although it was impromptu, we never attended a nicer or better conducted party. The young men all behaved themselves like gentlemen and none of them were out of balance. The young ladies do not need any comments, but every one of them looked as pretty as pink and as sweet as taffy. Mr. Krayton, though a bachelor, entertained them admirably. We think, though, that the way that he was complimenting the graceful dancing of a certain young lady, that he was rather struck and would not always live a lonely bachelor.

Miss Lula Pullins gave a party Monday night in honor of Misses Maggie Adams, Ella Joplin and Mattie Newcomb, of Mt. Vernon. At an early hour the crowd began to come in from all directions, until about fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen had assembled. About 8 o'clock they began to trip the light fantastic and kept it up till supper was announced. Then each couple promenaded into the dining-room, where the table was heavily laden with good things to eat, giving sufficient evidence that Miss Lula is an adept in the culinary department. After every one had partaken bountifully, the dance was resumed and kept up until the wee small hours. On Thursday night Miss Pattie Adams gave a party in honor of the same young ladies, but as my communication had to be forwarded before that enjoyable evening in order that it might be in time for publication, we could not make mention of it in this issue. Judging, however, from the tests that Miss Pattie displays in other things, and the reputation that she has as a domestic young lady, her party can not be equalled.

At the Methodist backsliding, or what is the matter? Some time ago they were bewailing the loss of the 'good old fashioned singing school,' and now there is a cry for the restoration of the soul inspiring 'amen corner.' If we would 'see the error of the Lord made here,' as the Rev. M. P. Goddard expressed it. Rev. W. M. Traylor asks in tones of reproach: 'What methodism the power it was! Because then it preached from the hearts of men to the heart and into the heart. Why is it not the power now? Because it is preached from the head.' Why was the 'amen corner' abandoned then?

We agree with the Ohio Farmer, that Indiana's sheep-dog law is better than ours in one respect. When a man has sheep killed by dogs he must report the loss to the township trustee within ten days, and any person making a false statement of the amount of damage done, may be fined \$100 and imprisoned in the county jail thirty days. An assessor who fails to list any dog is liable to a fine of \$5 for each case, and any one making false statement of the number of dogs he keeps may be fined \$100. A dog caught killing sheep may be killed without ceremony.

A Northern drummer, having occasion to visit Herodenburg last week, and hearing what a place it is for shooting people, had the stage driver to let him out at the edge of town. He procured a stick and tied his white handkerchief to it, and marched into town under the name of a drummer, and to those who saw him. He treated his business and got safely out of town, and lives to tell that he has done so. Will some of our brother editors over there inform us if it is really necessary for a stranger to carry a flag of truce in visiting that place?—[Ashland Independent.]

The apple crop of Virginia is so large this season that purchasers are unable to find barrels, and the fruit is being loaded in bulk on the cars. One gentleman from Baltimore last week bought 20,000 barrels in Augusta county at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per barrel.

The negroes of Sumner county, Ala., have organized a farmers' club that surpasses the grange. If any member fails to attend properly to his team or keep his fence in repair he is fined from \$1 to \$10, and the money collected out of the first proceeds of his crop.

If we could only get the services of the late Mr. Joshua, now, to check the sun until the clock coughed up, everything would go all right.—[Post.]

Spicy Odds and Ends.

Flirtation is attention without intention. Women are facts, because facts are stubborn things.

All that is required in the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little lying and a great deal of lying constitute love.

A man can get along without advertising; so can a wagon without grease, but it goes hard.

One of the great ways for a man to be robbed of his good name is to put it in his umbrella.

Matrimony has been defined to be an insane idea on the part of a man to pay some woman's board.

It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterwards.

It is a happy thought to Jersey lover that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same mosquito.

A gentleman at a hotel table asked an officious negro waiter to retire. "Excuse me, sah," said Sambo, "but I'm 'sponsible fur dis silver."

In a breach-of-promise case in New York the plaintiff was offered \$200 to compromise. "Two hundred dollars!" she exclaimed. "\$200 for a broken heart, ruined hopes and a blasted life; \$200 for all this! No, make it \$500 and it's a bargain."

Fruits of Advertising.

A prominent business firm in one of our cities, who have grown rich by liberally patronizing the printer, gives to their fellow-merchants the following concerning advertising:

"We have for many years studied the art of advertising and still it remains a marvel to us that there is not a hundred times more of it. We never yet knew a man to advertise his wares liberally and steadily that it did not pay. Yet there are thousands of manufacturers and tens of thousands of men, having articles which they declare ought to be in every household in the country, who advertise no gingerly and closely as though they had no faith in it at all. How can they expect to get their goods anywhere unless some knowledge of the article first gets into the family newspaper? If we would tell people learned from their neighbors, we might wait for years before the most wonderful and useful invention became known."

A PECULIAR SYSTEM OF MARRIAGE.—Life in the Siberian mines is not such an altogether unmitigated curse as popular imagination pictures it. From some of the greatest evils which men elsewhere have to suffer, the convicts in Eastern Siberia are happily delivered. There is indeed marriage and given in marriage, but there is no cohabitation, nor need any man complain that he is "mated to a savage" or shrew. When a prisoner wishes to get married, all he has to do is to send in an application to the overseer, who straightway allot him a wife. Three days' probation in that allowed, and if any incompatibility of temper seems likely to arise the men receives twenty-five lashes and another wife, and so on until he is contented.

The Bowling Green Gazette thus heralds the arrival of the pay car: The Louisville & Nashville railroad company's little bank on wheels, pulled by the handsome little vermilion tinted engine belonging to the road, was sowing its crops of smiles among employees at our depot on Monday. The boys were smiles cut pelisse fashion with doric mouldings and steel-skin trimmings, and the air around the depot had the flavor of lead flowing with treacle molasses and funnel cakes Jersey hutter.

A man named Metcalf, who lives in Chicago, had the top of his head shot off in the late war by a shell. Dr. Agnew, the same man that operated on President Garfield, fitted a silver plate over the top of the head about the size of a man's hand, which works on hinges, and when closed down is as perfect as a skull. The man takes pleasure in removing, first his wig, then raising the plate and showing the working of his brain to friends.

All kinds of roots keep better in cellars if tightly covered with dry earth. This is especially true of turnips, which, unless so covered, soon become stringy and nearly worthless. Most cellars are too warm and dry for any kind of roots or fruit, and only sufficient should be so stored for use when pits out of doors cannot be reached.

A company of Boston capitalists have acquired the lease of the gutta-percha forests of Dutch Guiana for a term of thirty-three years and have already begun operations there upon an extensive scale. Their lease covers 1,000,000 acres and the quality of the gum is said to be equal to that of the best East India product.

The punching of gold coins for bangles or for any other purpose, except to defraud, is not illegal. Any coin that may fall into a person's possession honestly is his own property, and he may punch, file and deface it to his heart's satisfaction, provided it is not his intention to cheat some one else.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

What an Egg Will Do.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and, being always at hand, can be applied. It is also more cooling than sweet oil and cotton, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is considered one of the best of remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful way over a diseased body. Two, or at most, three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since an egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

Two Sad Romances.

A sad story comes from Rome. A young man named Morretti, a teller, was condemned to a short term of imprisonment for some alleged fraud in his dealings. A girl to whom he was betrothed went to the police magistrate to learn about his fate and prospects. The magistrate told her he would assuredly remain many years in prison. The girl, in despair, poisoned herself. Soon after Morretti he found to have been perfectly innocent and is at once discharged. On learning the miserable end of his betrothed, he, too, poisons himself.—[London Times.]

History repeats itself. A young man in Chicago signed another man's name to a check and went to jail. A girl to whom he was betrothed went to a magistrate, who warned her that Johnny would certainly go down for five years. The girl, in despair, married another fellow.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Brides, as a rule, find it a new and rather unpleasant sensation to accept money from their husbands immediately after marriage. But an all-wise Providence provides for such matters and in the course of time this feeling gradually wears off.—[Philadelphia Call.]

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied, "No; but if I wanted to, now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.

As a part of the marriage ceremony in Serbia, the bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Corns, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles, 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kansas, writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers; they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50c a bottle by Penny & McAlister.

Commissioner's Sale

Valuable Suburban Property in Stanford.

Lincoln Circuit Court, W. G. Bailey's Exor., etc., vs. W. H. Bailey, Jr., et al. In Equity.

Pursuant to a judgment of the Lincoln Circuit Court, rendered at its October term, 1883, in the above styled action, I will on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, '83,

As Special Commissioner of said Court and as Executor of the last will of W. G. Bailey, dec'd., offer at public sale to the highest bidder the following described property, to-wit: The tract of land upon which said decedent resided at the time of his death, situated in the North-west 1/4 of the town of Stanford. The said tract contains

48 Acres, 3 Rods and 7 Poles, all of which is within less than one-half mile of the Court-house, the nearest point, (a fine site for a dwelling house) within less than 300 yards. It is a conveniently divided into two lots, for which there is a break demand in the town of Stanford. The land is excellently fenced and suitably watered from 3 never-failing springs and a good well, has upon it a comfortable frame dwelling of 7 rooms, besides halls, situated upon the highest and most beautiful elevation around Stanford, commanding a fine view of the town and surrounding country for several miles distant. There are also a good corn crib, a fair barn and stable, carriage house and other outbuildings, an orchard of 40 trees and an excellent garden. It is of the very finest quality of blue grass soil and has a fine frontage upon the Lancaster pike and a good outlet to the Danville pike.

It will be offered first in 3 parcels, as follows: The first embracing all the buildings, orchard and garden, containing 2 1/2 acres, fronting on the Lancaster pike. The 2d containing 9 5/8 acres, fronting upon the Lancaster pike and having upon it a fine building site. The 3d containing 10 3/4 acres, with good outlet to the Danville pike with fine building site. It will then be offered as a whole, and the bid which realizes the most money will be accepted.

The sale will be made upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, in equal installments, bearing interest from date of sale, for which bonds with good security, having the force and effect of judgments, will be required, with a lien retained upon land. Possession of the property will be given as soon as satisfactory bonds are executed, subject, however, to the action of the Court upon the sale. Further information may be had by correspondence or by interviewing the undersigned Commissioner at Bagdad, Shelby county, Ky., or from W. H. Miller on the premises or from Francis A. Miller, Real Estate Agents, Stanford, Ky., who will show the premises and a plat of same.

W. H. MILLER, Special Commissioner.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.,

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, Liquor, Cigars, Pocket Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Soaps, Pe fumery, Tobacco, Fire Arms, Machine Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Cal. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

H.C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen: T. M. Johnston, W. B. McKinney.

"HEADQUARTERS."

As our heading indicates, we propose in the future to be headquarters for all goods in our line.

Our Specialties are Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Stoves, Wagon Material, &c.

We buy from first hands, in large quantities and for spot cash, saving the discount. If you will only call and see for yourself, we will convince you that you can buy goods CHEAPER than you ever bought them in Stanford before and as cheap as you can buy anywhere.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Penny & McAlister

PHARMACISTS

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded Also

—JEWELERS!

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and warranted.

Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!

AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL

ed by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

COAL!

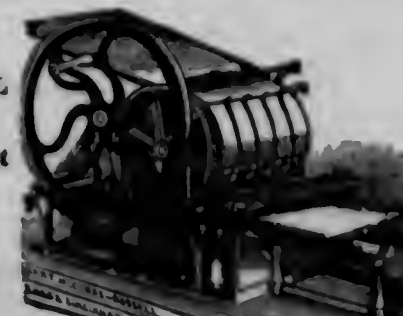
And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

STEAM JOB OFFICE

Does every Kind of Printing at City prices.



My Plain Lover.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage, after I had lured them on to a "declaration." My last victim's name was James Fraser. He was a tall, awkward, homely and ungainly man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and I felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Elliott Tracy, a city gallant, who had been unremitting in his attentions to me. James Fraser warned me against Elliott, but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warnings as an insult. In a few days after Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a life time. Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness and bondage to a man which there is no escape. Thank God I was not to be as miserable as they.

There was an equestrian party winding through our grand old woods and quiet country roads. Elliott and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful Brown Bess. Elliott was mounted on the best some black horse that had been sent him from the city. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers, and among them tall, awkward and silent rode James Fraser. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And as we rode on over the soft, sandy road that echoed not the tramp of our horses' hoofs, and I listened well-pleased to the low, but animated words of Elliott Tracy, who wished himself a knight and me a fair lady of the olden times, that he might go forth to do battle for me, and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might win a proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test.

A shot rang through the still wood and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her, and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon and turned into a cart track that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead, and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air and knew no more until, days afterwards, I awoke to a faint, weak remembrance of life, in my room at home.

I never saw Elliott Tracy again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. The last act of his life, in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, to ride back to the village. That evening he sent to make inquiries and learning that I was severely, but not fatally wounded, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained by village rumor.

At last it was known that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Elliott Tracy departed suddenly from the village. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad and beginning, though with much unrelieved bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me that, in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at once at an end, but to satisfy his own sense of honor, (his honor?) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once and thus ended my brief dream of romantic love.

I had heard ere this of Elliott Tracy's cowardly conduct on that day and now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from imminent death.

And then I learned that James Fraser, his arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and taken me from the water. Many times daily he made inquiries for me. His hand was the hand that sent the rare flowers that decked my room. His were the books I read in the lingering days of my convalescence, and his, now was the arm that supported me as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome, for rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and lovely spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside as utterly untenable my pet theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in despoiling physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or distorted, but shines the brighter that it is not marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

A Head that Winked.

Dr. de la Pommerais was executed in Paris in June, 1894. One night before his execution he was visited by Surgeon Velpeau, who after a few preliminary remarks, informed him that he came in the interest of science; and that he hoped for Dr. de la Pommerais' co-operation. "You know," he said, "that one of the most interesting questions of physiology is as to whether any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility survives in the brain of a man after the fall of the head." At this point the condemned man looked somewhat startled, but professional instincts at once resumed their sway, and the two physicians calmly discussed and arranged the details of an experiment for the next morning. "When the knife falls," said Velpeau, "I shall be standing at your side and your head will at once pass from the executor's hands into mine. I will then cry distinctly into your ear. 'Count de la Pommerais, can you at this moment perceive the lid of your right eye, while the left remains open?' The next day when your great surgeon reached the condemned cell, he found the doomed man practicing the sign agreed upon. A few minutes later the guillotine had done its work, the head was in Velpeau's hands, and the question put. Familiar as he was with the most shocking and ghastly scenes, he was almost frozen with terror as he saw the right lid fall, while the other eye looked fixedly at him. 'Again!' he cried frantically. The lids moved but they did not part. It was all over.

Personal.

The county editor has his hands full nowadays writing good, old-fashioned, gray headed, toothless jokes about the Thanksgiving turkeys and whooping it up to his subscribers to bring in their wood while the roads are good.

Bill Tombs has joined the Methodist church at Atlanta, and it is now believed that, having accomplished the object for which it so "long held out to him," the light will incontinently go out.

Deprived of the political affiliations of Mr. Riddleberger, Mr. Mahoney will, it is understood, become acquainted with those emotions of loneliness which tumultuously surge through the bosom of a dog that has lost his tail.

Ella Wheeler, the gifted young woman who has been appropriately called the prettiest of poets, is twenty four years old, has dark hair and wears striped hosiery and Langtry bangs. When she gets fairly started at some of her hay-fever and dyspeptic poetry the church bells ring and the Fire Department turns out. So on the whole she is considered as dangerous a party to have around as a campfire lamp or a coal-oil can.

A Chicago woman manages that her family lives well on \$3 a day. The house rent is \$95 a month. Her husband's salary is nearly twice \$3 a day, but her motto is never live up to the last cent. When the salary was less, expenses were less. Now she finds plenty of time for reading, fancy work and calls, besides attending to her own work. She writes: "No doubt there are plenty of times when a man is to blame for the unhappiness in the married state, but boarding is the very worst way for a couple to start in life. Keep house, no matter how small away, but have your feet under your own table, and don't get married till you are sure, between you and your partner, on it to keep love in and false pride outside the door. I believe my husband and I (before we had a family) could have lived just as happily on \$8 a week as now on \$18."

FACTS ABOUT FURS.—An importer and exporter of furs gives this information: "The house cat is one of the most valuable of fur-bearing animals and when they mysteriously disappear from the back fence they often find their way to the furrier. It is an actual fact that in 1892 over 1,200,000 house cats were used up in the fur trade. Black, white, mottled and tortoise-shell skins are most in demand and are made into linings. As for skunks, 350,000 were used in this country last season, valued from 50c to \$1.20. They come from Ohio and New York principally, and, as in pursuit of the tiger and lion, the bravest men are required."—[Philadelphia Times.]

Gypsies are a vagabond people, who, according to their own account, when they appeared in Western Europe, came from Egypt, driven out by the Moslem conquest but according to modern investigation from Hindustan, as they have physiological affinities with Asiatic people of men and their language—the Romany—remembers Hindustani. Gypsies are first mentioned in European literature in the seventeenth century. They are now found all over the world.

The New York Sun says: "The whole clerical force in the different departments at Washington and in the custom-houses, land-offices, post-offices and the like, could be reduced by one-third with advantage to the civil service. The four thousand internal revenue officials, costing over five millions of dollars a year, ought to be dismissed summarily, even if the taxes on spirits, beer and tobacco should be retained."

Daniel Curd, Cave City, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and find it to be an excellent tonic and all it is recommended."

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

The turkey, being of large frame, is capable of great weight, and there is quite a saving in penning the gobble for the purpose of adding to the carcass and improving the flesh. There is no denying that if the turkey can be made fat while roasting at large, it is much the better plan for the reason that the food is not converted so readily into an excess of fat, but the muscles are made larger, for exercise develops them and partially works off the fat. But if upon examination, the turkeys are not in good prime condition, they should be fattened in coops, and it should be done quickly, as these birds are liable to fret when too long in confinement, which prevents fattening. Put two turkeys together for company in a large coop, and put the coop under a good water-tight shed. Feed them on a variety at least five times daily, and allow them all the corn they can eat. Give a warm mess of corn-meat and bran mixed, early in the morning, and put a little salt in all the soft food. Keep the coops very clean and have fresh water always convenient. There are some substances that are also essential for their besides good feeding, which are charcoal, gravel, ground bone and powdered oyster shells. Keep them confined about one week.—[Farm and Garden.]

An act of the Legislature provides that when the lunatic asylums in the State are crowded with patients to their utmost capacity, the incurable lunatics shall be sent to the county poor-house of the county from which they were sent. In accordance with this act, three or four incurable lunatics have been sent to the Fayette county poor-house. The managers of the poor-house complain considerably about this and say it rather inhuman, as they are in no way prepared for the care and treatment of lunatics, and under the present circumstances haven't time to do it, even if they were prepared for it. The next Legislature should establish another asylum in the State, or greatly enlarge those already in operation.—[Lexington Press.]

THAT DOLLAR.—Fifteen years ago this month, we got hold of a silver dollar (for fear some of our contemporaries might discredit this statement we will state that we were not in the printing business then), and as children sometimes do, we put our private mark on the treasure and laid it away to spend for firecrackers on Christmas day. Imagine our surprise when an old gentleman paid us the same dollar on subscription last week. The inscription was plain, and read, viz: "J. L. G. M., 1878." Another mark was put upon it and we hope to get that dollar a thousand times.—[Oceana Times.]

There are too many machines and farm implements, some of them costly, standing out of doors and exposed to the weather. So with farm wagons, and once in a while a democrat wagon or buggy. It don't pay. The weather is harder upon them than the service they get. Lumber for roofing is a less expensive material than they are, and all such property should be housed from the weather. Even a roof of straw or rough grass will save from saturation by rain and after shivering from sun and rain.—[Farmer's Review.]

This is the way a mean paper tries to crush a man who thinks he possesses the "divine affluence." "An esteemed citizen, who is sending about fifteen pages of original poetry every day, is respectfully informed that if he doesn't let up on one of his pieces with his full name attached, will be published. This warning is given in the interest of his family and friends."

Among the Post-offices in the country there are 31 Washingtons, 19 Sbermans, 15 Sheridans, 13 Grants and 30 Salems. Nearly 600 begin with "New," 700 with "North," 110 with "Big," 73 with "Grand," and 18 "Great." There are 18 Pleasant Hills, and 10 Pine Groves.

Noble Clark, Louisville, Ky., says two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters restored his constitution, which was depleted from overwork.

Near Give Up. If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

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H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

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Beware of imitations. Ask for Brown's Iron Bitters, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "just as good." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

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BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Rave, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. R. E. Barrow Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation on any Sunday morning, led by Mr. J. W. Cline on Second and Fourth Sundays. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Joe. Severance, Superintendent.

PREBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. McHenry, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. John W. Cline, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting on Wednesday nights.

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—TIME TABLE—

STATIONS. Daily. Daily.

Lvs. Louisville..... 7:43 p.m. 9:10 a.m